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The Erards and their Instruments.

[The following biographical sketches are translated and abridged from the French of M. Férits.]

SEBASTIAN ERARD, founder of the celebrated piano-forte and harp manufactories at Paris and London, which still bear his name, was born at Strasburg, in 1752, and was the fourth son of a cabinet maker, who did not marry till the age of sixty-four. He inherited from his father a robust constitution, and evinced in childhood a courageous spirit; for it is said that at the age of thirteen he climbed the steeple of the Strasburg Cath-

dral, and seated himself upon the summit of the cross. At the age of eight years he was sent to the schools to study architecture, perspective, linear drawing, practical geometry, &c. Throughout his life he was continually occupied with new inventions; in the latter half of it he slept but little, and his bed was always covered with papers and plans of instruments. This fertility of invention and execution accounts for the multitude of models still found in his workshops at London and Paris. He lost his father at the age of sixteen and sought employment at Paris, where he became apprentice, and soon foreman, in a harpsichord manufactory. The young workman's ingenious questions so puzzled his master that he dismissed him, reproaching him for wishing to know every thing. But another famous maker, having received an order to construct a harpsichord requiring knowledge that was out of his daily routine, had heard of the young Erard, and offered him a certain sum if he would make it, and allow him (the employer) to put his name upon it. Erard consented, and the person who had ordered the instrument was so astonished at the perfection of the workmanship that he asked the manufacturer if he were really the author of it; the latter, taken by surprise, confessed that the instrument had been constructed for him by a young man of the name of Erard. The fame of this adventure soon spread through the musical world, and drew attention to the young artist, who soon signalized himself by his *clavécin mécanique*, a masterly invention and achievement, which caused a great sensation among the artists and amateurs of Paris.

Sebastian Erard was not yet twenty-five years old, and already his reputation was so established, that he was applied to for all sorts of new things which people wished to have constructed. Distinguished persons sought him; and the Duchess de Villeroy, a great patroness of artists, and passionately fond of music, tried to attach him to her household. But preferring his independence, and having long desired to visit England, he was only prevailed upon to remain with the duchess long enough to execute several ideas of hers, having a suitable work room in her hotel, and enjoying the most perfect liberty. It was here that he constructed his first *piano-forte*. This instrument, known for some years in Germany and England, was not yet common in France; the few pianos found in Paris having been imported from Ratisbon. It was *de bon ton* in great houses to have

these foreign instruments. Mme. de Villeroy one day asked Erard if he could make a piano; the piano was already in his head; he set immediately about it, and this first piano from his hands bore the stamp of a man of invention and taste. It was heard in the saloon of the duchess by all the amateurs and artists of distinction, and many noble seigneurs were eager to order and possess instruments like it; but they were not so eager to discharge *their* part of the contract—the most of them never paid!

About this time, his brother, Jean Baptiste Erard, joined him; and this indefatigable worker, and upright, loyal man, from that time shared the labors and the fortunes of Sebastian. The great demand for their pianos soon obliged them to quit the hotel de Villeroy, and found a large establishment in the Rue de Bourbon, (faubourg St. Germain,) which gradually became the first in all Europe. The jealousy of other musical instrument makers was roused, and one actually procured a seizure upon the Erard establishment, under the pretext that they had not subscribed the laws of a certain guild; but Erard found protectors, who made known his merit to the king, Louis XVI., from whom he received a flattering patent. Under this protection the establishment of the two brothers developed more and more, and the sale of their two-string and five-octave pianos (such as they made at that time) was immense.

Among other inventions which continually occupied him, Sebastian Erard made at this time an instrument with two key boards, one for the piano and one for the organ. This was prodigiously popular in high society. One was ordered for Marie Antoinette. The queen had a voice of little compass, and all music seemed written too high for her. Erard made the key board to slide so as to transpose the music, from a semitone to a tone and a half, at will, without any mental labor on the part of the accompanist.

The troubles of the revolution, so injurious to all industry, induced Sebastian to go to England, and open new channels for the products of his manufactory. There he remained several years, and founded an establishment like that in Paris, filled with instruments entirely of his own invention. In 1794 he took out his first patent for improvements in the piano and harp, and his instruments were soon in great demand. But the desire to return to France never forsook him, and he arrived at Paris in 1796. Then, for the first

time, he manufactured grand pianos, in the shape of harpsichords, after the English system, of which he had greatly perfected the mechanism, and brought out his harps with single action, which he had invented some ten years before, but had not at that time made public. These pianos were the first instruments with *escapement*, ever made in Paris; they had the defect of all the instruments of that kind, of that slowness of action in the levers and the hammers—fault complained of much by artists accustomed to the easy play of the small pianos. This difficulty Erard labored to overcome; and after many trials he produced, in 1808, a new kind of grand piano, in which the action answered more promptly to the touch, while its smaller dimensions were more suited to the size of the Parisian saloons. Dussek played upon one of them with great success in the concerts given at the *Odéon* by Rode, Baillot, and Lamarre, on their return from Russia; amateurs and artists were well satisfied, but not so Erard himself, as we shall see.

In 1808 he returned to England, where he put the seal upon his reputation by the invention of his double action harp. By giving to each pedal the double function of raising the string a half or whole tone, as might be required, he overcame the whole difficulty of completing the gamut of the harp in all the keys. It cost him years of labor and great outlay, but the success was perfect. The double action harp appeared in London in 1811, when paper money was in the greatest circulation, and the sales in one year amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds. Returning to Paris, he introduced the same manufacture there.

Frequent visits to France made him neglect the manufacture of pianos at London, and his establishment there became devoted to the harp exclusively; but in all the fifteen or twenty patents which he took out in England, new ideas for the perfecting of the piano, as well as harp, were expressed. These he proposed to execute in France. At every exposition of the products of industry, his works were crowned; he had received every kind of public testimonial, when in 1823 he exhibited the model of his *chef d'œuvre*, his grand piano à double échappement. These new instruments were since established in the London manufacture by his nephew, Pierre Erard. The naturally robust constitution of Sebastian Erard began finally to yield to the incessant labors of so active a life upon the vast theatre of two such capitals as Paris and London. In 1824 he was afflicted with the stone, yet still devoted himself, from the moment of a successful operation, to improvements in organs and other instruments, until an aggravated return of the disease put an end to his career in the month of August, 1831.

PIERRE ERARD, nephew of the preceding, was born at Paris, about the year 1796. His early studies were with a view to his continuing the manufacture of instruments invented by his father and uncle: he was taught music, mathematics, and linear design. Sent to London, when quite young, to direct the manufacture of Sebastian Erard's harps, he has passed there the greatest part of his life. In 1821 he published an account of his uncle's double action harp, under the title of "The Harp in its present improved state, compared with the original pedal Harp." After the death of his uncle, he became his heir,

and took charge of the manufactory in Paris, where in 1834 he exhibited several new models of pianos. At the same time he published an historical description of "The improvements introduced into the mechanism of the Piano by the Erards, from the origin of the instrument to the Exposition of 1834," fol., with eight lithographic plates. M. Pierre Erard has since lived alternately at London and Paris, directing the two great establishments which he has inherited.

Sketch of the Life of Felicien David.

Felicien David was born in Cadeuet, (South of France), on the 8th of March, 1810. His father, who had a large fortune, and possessed extensive property in the West Indies, before the revolution of St. Domingo, was obliged to return to France in 1790, and died at Cadeuet in 1815, leaving four children, of whom Felicien was the youngest.

Felicien David, from his infancy, showed the most astonishing musical talents. When only thirteen years of age, and an *enfant de chœur* in the church of Aix, he composed hymns and motets of remarkable melody. At eighteen, he left the Jesuits of Aix, an orphan, without resources. He was placed in a notary's office, which he soon left to become a second leader in an orchestra; and, in 1829, he became the Maestro di Capella of St. Sauveur Church, at Aix. It was about that time that he wrote many songs and nocturni, in three or four parts, which even now would be admired.

David had, at Aix, an uncle rich enough to assist the young musician; unfortunately the gentleman was a miser, and had no respect for the fine arts. So, when David left his little provincial town, to go and study at Paris, all that he could obtain from his generous relation was an allowance of ten dollars a month, which was stopped after a few months.

After having studied thorough bass with Le-sueur and Reber, fugue and counterpoint with Fétié, and organ and extemporization with Be-noit, M. David adopted the new religion of St. Simon, and left the conservatoire to become the organist and composer of religious choruses for Fathers St. Simon and Enfantin. After the breaking up of the St. Simonian establishment, at Ménilmontant, several members of that society intended to go to the East. M. David was one of them, and he carried with him an excellent piano forte, which had been given him by a piano forte manufacturer of Lyons. We shall not follow the artist during the two years which he spent in the East; it will be sufficient to say that he could have become the favorite of a Pacha, but he was anxious to return to France. He left Cairo on the 18th of February, 1835, at the time the plague was killing two hundred persons a day at Alexandria. Not wishing to embark there, he traveled to Syria by land. This is a fine journey for an artist. To see Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem, St. Jean d' Acre, the ancient Tyre, Sidon—to cross the desert when the mind is stored with the remembrance of Constantinople, Smyrna, with its handsome women, Rhodes, that chivalric island, Cyprus, Chios, and the sunny islands of the Archipelago. Think of the people of these different countries, with their rich and characteristic dresses—their harsh or sweet language—and tell if they do not form matter for exalting the imagination of an artist? These impressions have been translated by David, in the most poetical manner, in the symphony *Le Désert*.

On the 19th of June, 1835, M. David landed in Marseilles, where he gave a concert, at which his Oriental compositions were favorably received. He arrived in Paris in August of the same year, for the second time. His first care was to publish the *Brises de Orient*, for pianoforte, which were in six numbers. He expected great success, but these beautiful melodies remained unknown, because the publishers did not recognize a new name, and consequently did not puff him in the papers. Sad and dispirited, but conscious of his genius, he lived for two years in the closest seclusion,

sion, writing symphonies for full orchestra, after Beethoven's school. One of these symphonies was performed at Valentine's concerts, in 1837, but for want of notice, was only known and appreciated by artists and *connaisseurs*. After several years of solitude, in which he had to struggle against almost abject poverty, at the recommendation of his friends, he made a resolution to strike a decisive blow for reputation. Money was advanced to him, and he prepared himself to give a concert, on the 1st of December, 1843. The room was taken, and preparations were going on, when unexpected circumstances obliged him to postpone the concert which was to decide his fate. He thought then of turning the postponement to his own advantage, by writing a new work in a novel style, and so constructed as to produce a striking sensation. Still under the impression of his magic remembrance of the East, he looked for some poet who could enter, with himself, into these ideas, and found the very man in one of his former companions in Egypt, Mr. Augustus Colin, of Marseilles. This writer composed the poem of the *Désert*, the music of which was made in the space of about three months, from April to July, 1844.

The symphony of *Le Désert* was performed in the concert hall of the Conservatoire, in Paris, on the 8th of December, 1844, and excited an enthusiasm unexampled in the annals of musical art. * * * * *

The following lines were written by David to a friend shortly after the production of *Le Désert*: "At last I am rewarded for all my studies and struggles. Last night I gave my second concert at the Italian opera-house; my success was as grand and still greater than on the first night. The *elite* of Paris attended. This new performance has consecrated my triumph. I have received these ovations without intoxication; I know what they will require of me in future. I have now a vast responsibility, and with the help of God, I trust that I shall not be inferior to myself in my new works."

Since its performance in Paris, it has been given in almost every capital of Europe, with astonishing success.

[Prepared for this Journal.]

Gleanings from German Musical Papers,

The fourth of November, being the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn, was commemorated, as usual, by the Leipsic Conservatory, with appropriate music, consisting entirely of compositions of the lamented master, as follows: *Beati Mortui in Domino*, an unprinted work, for men's voices; Sonata for the piano, Op. 6, performed by the Herr Professor Moscheles; "For the Lord, he leadeth the wandering," &c., sung by Fraulein Hoffmann (unprinted); the Ottetto for string instruments; and the Choral: *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, for solo, chorus and orchestra (unprinted), the solo sung by Fraulein Auguste Koch of Bernburg.

LEIPSIC.—At the third Gewandhaus Concert a new comedy-overture, by Rietz, was played; a new singer, Fraulein Bergauer, from Prague, made her début in the aria from "Fidelio" (*Abscheulicher!* &c.); and Herr Landgraf, the clever virtuoso, who sings so charmingly upon his clarinet, performed a long lost and recently recovered Concerto of Mozart.

In the fourth concert, the brothers Wieniawski, from St. Petersburg,—one distinguished as a violinist, the other as a pianist,—made their appearance. Schumann's fourth and newest Symphony was brought out for the first time; also Beethoven's overture, Op. 124, and Rossini's "Tell" overture. Fraulein Bergauer sang an air from *Hans Heiling* and some *Lieder* at the piano.

The fifth concert in the Gewandhaus, (where

Mendelssohn had so often conducted in the prime of life) falling on Nov. 3d, was converted into a Mendelssohn solemnity. His oratorio, "St. Paul," was worthily brought out under the direction of David. Herren Schneider and Behr gave the male solos with all the warmth of expression which the composer had put into them. Fräulein Bergauer and Fräulein Hoffmann also gave great satisfaction. The latter, a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatory, surprised all by the full, sound ring of her voice and by her artistic method. The choruses were sung by the resident Song-unions with skill and *cor amore*.

Of the sixth concert, (Nov. 10), the ornament was Fräulein Marie Wieck, the young pianist, sister of Mme. Clara Schumann. She played the F minor Concerto of Chopin, a Saltarello by Stephen Heller, an Idyl, by Julius von Kolb, a young artist of kindred talent, and Henselt's "If I were a bird," all to the unqualified delight of that exacting audience. Fräulein Bergauer sang an Aria from Gluck's "Orpheus." Of the orchestral pieces the *Signale* speaks as follows:

"The 'Echoes from Ossian,' which stand not merely on the title, but are felt in the music which Gade in his overture causes to sound to us from the far back traditional times; as well as the stronger sister of the *Pastorale*, with its wine-intoxicated Hungarian peasants'-wedding finale(!)—the golden A major Symphony of Beethoven—consoled us somewhat for the misfortune of living in this musical Present."

The first Chamber Concert in the Gewandhaus, at Leipsic, took place Nov. 21st. The programme included a Quartet of Beethoven, in A; Schumann's Quintet for piano and strings, performed by Clara Wieck and Herren Concert-master David, Röntgen, Herrmann and Wittmann; a string Quartet in D minor, by Schubert (posthumous), played by David, Röntzen, Herrmann and kapelmeister Rietz; and *Variations sérieuses* for piano solo, by Handel, played by Clara Wieck.

Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" and Cherubini's overture to "Medea" were performed at the second Euterpe Concert, Nov. 22. Fräulein Emma Koch sang songs of Mendelssohn and Schumann; and Herr Ad. Köckert played a violin concerto of Molique.

BERLIOZ was expected at the Gewandhaus concerts in December.

Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, in D, has been performed in the Odeon Concert at Munich. The execution was so ripe and so well rounded in all parts, that the hearers were astonished at the grand clearness of the composition, in spite of its depth and fulness of thoughts. This is the Mass for which Beethoven could find no publisher, so that he offered it to the various European courts for an honorarium of fifty ducats. Only the kings of Prussia, Saxony and France, and the emperor of Russia accepted his proposal. On the part of Prussia, Beethoven was asked whether he would not rather have a royal Order, than the fifty ducats. "Fifty ducats, or nothing!" said he. Goethe, minister at Weimar, returned no answer to his letter.

"Butterbrodt" in the Leipsic *Signale*, discoursing of a miscellaneous concert where some things did not sound so full as others, makes a roguish allusion to Jullien:

"And yet it ought to sound full, as Jullien says. Apropos, this Jullien, this parade man, is just now in America. He is said to have had prodigious success with his fantasia on *Yankee Doodle*, and to the following text:

O dudel, dudel, dumm, dumm, dumm!
O Pndel, Pndel, summ, summ, summ!
O Rudel, Rudel, Rum, Rum, Rum,
Schrum, Schrum,
Dumm!

In the last strophe the orchestra naturally dies away in a universal *ppp* whistle, after developing a frightful *fff* energy upon the third, in which the *Rum* plays the principal part. The effect of the whole was truly sublime and gave most brilliant proof that every language has its own peculiar melody."

The oratorio performances this winter by the Sing-Akademie in Berlin are to include: the "Alexander's Feast," by Handel, the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, a Mass of Cherubini and a *Te Deum* of Grell.

A new and excellent lithographic portrait of CHOPIN, after the celebrated painting by Ary Schefer, has just been published by Schlesinger in Berlin.

Dorn's Opera, *Die Nibelungen*, to which Gerber has written the text, is to be brought out in the Royal Opera House in Berlin, in January, at an expense of 10,000 thalers for decorations and wardrobe.

The election of M. Reber to the membership in the French Academy, vacated by the death of Onslow, is said to give general satisfaction, although Berlioz, David, &c., were among the candidates. Reber has established his name by his symphonies, which are marked by excellent orchestration, lovely thoughts and graceful fancies, although he is accused of too fondly imitating Haydn. More recently he has tried his hand at comic opera, first through his *Nuit de Noël*, and then through his *Père Gaillard*. The most successful air in this is almost a repetition in its first eight bars of an air in *Fra Diavolo*; but soon he returns to himself and creates out of his own resources. Most popular, and justly so, are his charming little songs, some of which (*Hai lulli*, *Bergeronette*, *Chanson du pays* and *La Captive*) have been transcribed in a masterly manner for the piano by Stephen Heller. Reber is what is called an original. He is shy of men, and by his downright way of speaking the truth to people's faces, has earned the name of a *Paysan en Danube*. His choice does the more honor to the Academy, that he has probably never troubled himself to gain a seat in it.

EMILE PRUDENT has returned to Paris. His last stay in England was quite remarkable. In 30 days he gave 35 concerts in 27 different towns. Six Erard grand pianos were kept crossing and recrossing each other on the different railroads, so that one might be in readiness for each appointment. In one instance this virtuoso gave three concerts in twenty-four hours. Everywhere he found an enthusiastic public.

Joseph Gungl is giving concerts in Berlin with as much popularity as ever.

"Jogjeli" is the queer title of a new opera by Taubert, the genial composer of Jenny Lind's "Birdling" song and of good things in many kinds.

THE ROYAL QUEST.

[From "Passion Flowers."]

They tell me, I am shrewd with other men,
With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech;
With others, I may guide the ear of talk,
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them, I will the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

Oh friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prison'd heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine,
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

Letters from Abroad.

SHIP GERMANIA, Oct. 1853.

MY DEAR DWIGHT:—You see I am better than my promise, and actually begin a letter on board ship, in the midst of the heaving Atlantic. Not that I have any musical intelligence to send you. The ocean, to be sure, is suggestive of unutterable harmonies—that is, when you are not seasick. Then, the movements, whether *adagio* or otherwise, are not the most agreeable. But after having been once thoroughly exercised by the ugly fiend of the billows, these same movements become not unpleasant.

Poets, from Homer to Alexander Smith, have sung of the music of the waves and winds. But their songs have usually come from some safe nook in the sea-side rocks, or from the smooth pebbled beach, where the ocean was but an accompaniment to the quick melody of waving trees and grass on the shore. But there is much to be seen and felt far at sea, from a ship under full sail, scudding through the waves, which the dweller on land knows little about.

As I watched the two great planets in the West, the other evening, slowly sinking towards the shoreless horizon, throwing their faint reflections on the heaving water, a fitful and broken melody came to me and sang itself thus:

The stars are shimmering in the sea,
The wide, wide, heaving sea—
Our friends are gone—the ship sails on,
A speck on the shoreless sea;
And we sit gazing on the west,
The home of all we love the best,
Away o'er the darkening sea.

Away, away, o'er the twilight sea—
The grey, dim, shadowy sea—
The ship speeds on, and we are alone
With the stars of Eternity;
But our thoughts go back and our prayers ascend,
And we pledge each fond and faithful friend,
Away o'er the twilight sea.

There is much material for music and verse on board ship. But the ship must be a good, comfortable, elegant ship; none of your cranky concerns, one half full of water and the other half under water,—all tan and grease and creaky timbers and sailor's oaths. You need large, ele-

gant staterooms, airy cabin, cozy smoking room, good table, wide, clean quarter deck, amiable captain, clean-shirted mate, passengers disposed to friendly contact, some good fellows and agreeable ladies—so much you need as you need house, fire, and clothing—a material basis. Then comes in the aesthetic, intellectual element with a good grace. Then you enjoy with a relish the view of the surging billows from the tilting, rolling deck, —the strong breeze rounding out the immense wing-like sails—the dash of the salt spray against the stalwart sides—the rolling and pitching in your berth at dead of night—as the song has it:

"What matter, what matter!
I can ride and sleep."

Then you enjoy leaning out of the stern-windows as the shadows of night descend, to watch the sparks and coruscations streaming out from under the keel, as if some submarine fire were boiling up under you. Then you go on deck for your before-breakfast promenade, and after peeping at the compass and glancing at the sails to see if we are making our course, watch the sea gulls or the petrels, or the "school" of tumbling porpoises, or if it be calm, the nautilus, and "the hueless mosses under the sea," or haply some distant ship on the level horizon. Spite of its monotony, there is much to be enjoyed on the ocean by the lover of nature.

Here is a Frenchman aboard, who seems to have in his stateroom a whole curiosity-shop. He is musical, for he has a flageolet, a cornet, a violin, and I know not what other instruments. He is piscatory, for he carrieth fish-hooks and lines; he loveth shooting, for to-day he brought out his gun and fired at a sea-gull; he is artistic, for he hath slates and pencils—topographic, for he carrieth large maps—mechanical, for he useth a hammer and other tools—he is a lover of birds, and has about him, parrots, bobolinks and sparrows—and whenever a stray bird lights on the ship, he is sure to catch it. I shall not be surprised, if he brings out a live monkey, or if I learn that he is superintendent of an actual giraffe, stowed away somewhere in the hold.

PARIS, Dec. 11th.—From the cabin of a ship on the Atlantic to Paris—here is something of a grasshopper leap in my correspondence.

I went the other night to the Italian Opera, and heard Mario in *I Puritani*. Ah, here was something rich and rare. I need not say that his singing was truly delicious. I am sure there can be but one opinion about Mario. In the first place his appearance goes far in his favor—he is tall, graceful, handsome, and a good actor. His voice is by far the most perfect tenor I have ever heard—sweet, rich, delicate, powerful, impassioned, and wonderfully equal in all these qualities throughout his entire compass. Where you hear anything so perfect, you are troubled somewhat that he now and then permits himself to escape out of his natural and legitimate register, and to break into a shrill, feminine, chanticleer-like falsetto. Though only a few notes, they mar the symmetry of his performance. It is like patching a new cloth coat with ladies' silk. Better that he should omit those few upper notes, however flute-like and sweet—and the music would suffer nothing by the omission.

Tamburini I also heard. His name has long been celebrated, and his voice is still fine and sonorous. I was rather disappointed in him, but

I should have remembered that he is no longer young.

Madam Frezzolini, the prima donna, seems like a person who has studied hard and accomplished her rôle very creditably. But she sings with effort and excites no enthusiasm.

The Emperor and Empress were present at this Opera, and I had them in full survey the whole evening. I should have known them anywhere from the engraved portraits which one sees in the shop windows.

If during my sojourn here I hear anything good in the way of music, I will send you a note of it—if I have time.

Ever yours,

X.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE TROUBADOUR.

[From the Italian of G. BRACCIET.]

Through the forest dreary
Goes the Troubadour alone;
All his gay delights are gone,
His soul is weary.

All that face, so fair before,
Marred with shadow of distress;
That sweet voice of music is
That sweet voice no more.

Long his heart in secret burned;
Till the passion sweet and strong
Found a voice; and in his song
All his spirit yearned.

Shut within his chamber high
Listened to that song his lord;
Ah! the rash, unthinking bard
Dooms himself to die!

But to save the hapless youth
Thrilled the lady's tender heart;
And she pleaded, with no art
But her stainless truth;

Never had she heard his vows;
And her beauty chaste subdued
Swift the rising angry mood
Of her jealous spouse.

Glad the gracious lady smiled
'Neath her husband's proud caress;
But the banished boy must press
Forth into the wild.

Of those dear and fatal eyes
He no more must see the flame,
Nor oblivion draw from them
Of his miseries.

Lone he leaves the halls and mute,
Where he woke the echoes loud
With his martial songs and proud,
With his gladsome lute.

So he goes—he quits the gates—
Gazes on them—holds his breath;
As with rending pangs of death
All his heart dilates.

And he seeks the forest soon,
There he wanders to and fro
Shunning day's intenser glow,
Seeking but the moon.

Fall'n the flowers that bloomed before
On those youthful cheeks of his;
That sweet voice of music is
That sweet voice no more!

W. H. H.

MATTHEW LOCK was originally a chorister in the cathedral church of Exeter, and a pupil of Edward Gibbons. Very early in life he attained a considerable degree of eminence in his profession. He was employed to compose the music for the public entry of King Charles II, and not long afterwards was appointed composer in ordinary to that monarch.

Dramatic music was that in which he chiefly

excelled, but there are likewise extant many valuable compositions for the church. Amongst others is the morning service composed for the Chapel Royal, in which the prayer after each of the commandments is set in a different way. This was deemed by many persons an inexcusable innovation, and, on the whole, was so much censured, that he was compelled to publish the entire service in score with a vindication by way of preface.

Lock appears to have been a man of an unpleasant and quarrelsome disposition, and consequently he involved himself in almost continual broils. About the year 1672, he was engaged in a controversy with Thomas Salmon, A. M., of Trinity College, Oxford, on the subject of a book written by him, and entitled "An Essay to the Advancement of Music, by casting away the Perplexity of different Cliffs, and uniting all sorts of music into one universal Character," Lock could not refrain from attacking this work. Accordingly he published "Observations upon a late Book, entitled an Essay, &c.," which lying immovable upon the booksellers' shelves, he afterwards republished it with a new title. Salmon answered it in "A Vindication of an Essay to the Advancement of Music from Mr. Lock's Observations." The subject matter of this dispute is not of sufficient importance to demand any detail of the arguments; suffice it to say, that, under a studied affectation of wit and humor, the pamphlets, on both sides, are replete with the most scurrilous invective and abuse.

The musical world is indebted to Lock for the first rules that were ever published in England on the subject of thorough bass. A collection of these were inserted in a book entitled "Melothesia," which also contains some lessons for the harpsichord and organ, by himself and other masters. It is well known that Lock was the composer of the music to Shakspeare's plays of "Macbeth" and "The Tempest," as altered by Sir William Davenant, and, in conjunction with Draghi, to Shadwell's opera of "Psyche." He was also author of a collection of airs, published in 1657, entitled "A little Consort of Three Parts, for Viols and Violins," and, of the music to several songs printed in "The Treasury of Music," "The Theatre of Music," and other collections.

The *ballad* was the favourite dance of the Italians. This word, now used only to designate the words of a peculiar species of song, is derived from the Italian *ballare*, to dance, and originally signified a dance accompanied by a chant. This dance was probably pantomimic, exhibiting the story of the accompanying verse by that expressive gesticulation in which the Italians of all ages have excelled.

One item of the late foreign news states that Hafis Effendi, a Turkish poet, has written a national hymn in the style of the *Marseillaise*—a patriotic war-song, of course—which is stimulating the enthusiasm of the Ottoman against the Russians in an extraordinary degree. The Turk has not, heretofore, been supposed to have much of the chanting cherub about him; but all Turkey is now said to be sounding with the strains of the new lyric.

MENDELSSOHN.—In an English journal of the year 1842, we came across the following:—

During a recent tour in Switzerland, the great composer visited an asylum for the blind, in the Canton de Vaud; where, as is usual, he was required to sign his name in the visitor's book. No sooner was the illustrious name made known, than many of the pupils of the establishment, devoted to the study of music, thronged around the master, requesting that their attempts at composition might have the honor and advantage of his supervision. Mendelssohn, with his usual affability, corrected several of these attempts, and commended their authors. He was then unanimously importuned to give them a specimen of his high musical talent, when he seated himself at the organ in the little chapel of the hospital, and improvised for half an hour, introducing the themes of his several blind scholars, in so masterly and effective a style, that the whole party was moved to tears.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 14, 1854.

Jullien's "Shakspeare Night."

Such was the title of the second of these brilliant entertainments. It was a fancy, a *notion*, certainly, to make up a musical programme of works identified somehow, in name or spirit, with the creations of the great dramatist. And yet such a fancy was interesting for once, especially since Mendelssohn has shown us that there may be music of such kindred inspiration with at least one vein of Shakspeare, that, when once heard, the mind must ever delight to associate the music with the poem. The fairy element of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" certainly did translate itself into music in the exquisite tone-reveries of the boy Felix. We really do not know of any other music that can properly be called Shakspearian, except it be Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," which found no place in M. Jullien's programme. Beethoven, indeed, is the only musician, perhaps the only artist in any sphere, whose genius throughout suggests to us analogy with Shakspeare; and whom, in many-sidedness of creative power, never repeating itself, but yielding in each effort a distinct vital product, we could venture to pronounce the equal of the great bard. For Beethoven has produced symphonies as perfect in their kind, yet as unlike each other, as "Hamlet" and the "Merry Wives," or "Lear" and "As you Like it."

But what shall we say of the piece with which this concert opened—the overture to "King Lear," by Berlioz? In his writings about Art, his letters to his friends, &c., Berlioz seems so genial, so sensible and so appreciative, that we confidently hoped, through the clear and powerful medium of Jullien's orchestra, to find his overture—not, what it seemed to us in some imperfect Musical Fund rehearsals some years since—but really a work worthy of its high pretensions, eccentric as it might be in its forms, and striving to exceed all earlier bounds of instrumentation. In instrumentation it certainly evinces rare power; it is also full of impetus and fire; but impetus of the most impatient, fragmentary and distracted sort, and fire of the most ignis fatuus fitfulness. Its repeated fever crises of brazen fortissimo were enough to unsettle one's brain as badly as the ingratitude of daughters had unsettled Lear's. And this was about the only verisimilitude with Shakspeare's tragedy that we were able to detect. If madness were designed to be the passion-spring and motive of this music, it was altogether the assumed and blustering madness of Mad Tom, poor "Turligood," and had nothing of the poetic, touching quality of the old king's madness, so pathetic and imaginative, where he sits down on the cold ground, in the rain, and says; "Come, let us reason with this philosopher!" It was rather an audacious enterprise, one would think, for any composer less than Beethoven to essay such a theme!—But the overture at least served to show forth the brilliant qualities of Jullien's band; the massive unison of his great double basses in the opening measures; the promptness, splendor and precision of his always true and justly blended brass instruments; the fine and nervous outline of his violin passages; and the warm coloring and

graceful flow of reed and flute tones in their turn.

The entire "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, so far as orchestra without voices could suffice (and that included all the essential features), followed next. The music is too familiar to require notice on its own account. It was played richly, splendidly:—but we are obliged to confess, it was played noisily, roughly, stunningly, in the forte passages of the overture and wedding march—or else we, in the first end gallery opposite the stage, were placed in the very focus of all the explosive din and echo of trombones and drums. When Jullien has played this music before, we have not felt this in anything like the same degree; but now we missed the fine and delicate beauty, the soft and dreamy pianissimos, the light and shade, which we must ever associate with this exquisite music. The comic march, however, of Bottom and associates was laughably effective.

The rest (of the Shakspearian portion) was old English music. Mlle ZERR sang Dr. Arne's "Where the Bee sucks," &c., from "The Tempest," a sprightly, pleasant trifle, with bits of symphony that are strikingly in Handel's manner. Old Matthew Lock's music to "Macbeth," was given entire, in orchestral arrangement, the ophicleide, bassoon and oboe doing good execution in the wild witch melodies. There is something grand and wholesome about much of this old music, although it is rather monotonously kept in one key throughout many movements, and shows but a tame conception of the supernatural, compared with the modern German music which is so native to that element. It was a curious piece of musical *rococo*, however, which made up in historical, whatever it might lack in intrinsic interest. And Jullien, without voices, without witches, and without cauldrons (save his kettle drums), gave us a far clearer and bolder conception of the famous old thing than we ever had before.—So much for Shakspeare.

Part Second of the programme was almost purely Jullien, and included two of his very happiest productions in very different veins. First (for the thirteenth time in America), came the most brilliant, masterly and thoroughly Jullien-esque of all his grand effect pieces, the "Great Exhibition Quadrille." We find it so happily hit off by the accomplished critic of the *Courier and Enquirer*, that in lieu of attempting a description of our own, we insert his:

"Who has not heard it has not heard Jullien. For richness and variety it is unequalled by any *pot pourri* that we remember. The mastery of the orchestra and the power to combine musical sounds effectively with sounds which are mere noise, displayed in it, indicate a genius for instrumentation, an intuitive knowledge of the capacities and relations of all vibrating bodies, from sticks, stones, and brass kettles to violins, which truly borders on the marvellous. One of the most pleasing and original effects in the composition was produced by the use of the fagotto in the cadences of the Spanish *Zapateado*. It was indescribably quaint and grotesque, and yet seemed so germane to the theme that the idea of its remarkable originality did not obtrude itself upon the mind until after a moment's reflection. The *finale* of this Quadrille shows Monsieur Jullien in his glory. It is introduced by a terrible clangor of an army of drums, which gradually diminishes, and finally dies away into an almost inaudible pulsation—in which, however, every parchment vibrates. After this, a few bars from the cornet and the stringed instruments are interrupted or rather overwhelmed by the roar of voices which

finally break into a cheer, and *God save the Queen* bursts from the band. It is played in the midst of a din which passes description. Bells ringing, apparently out of time and out of tune, cannon booming, and an inexplicable confused clash and roar made by one knows not what, and coming one knows not whence, convey the impression of a vast metropolis thronged with a jubilant multitude; and in the midst of this, and towering over it, is heard the English National Anthem. Were all London agog, its chimes ringing, salutes firing, and all its musicians uniting with all their hearts in *God save the Queen*, an audience, suspended in mid-air over the city, would hear very much such a combination of sounds as becomes harmonious under the baton of Monsieur Jullien in the splendid *finale* to this *Great Exhibition Quadrille*."

All that was wanting to the full effect in this instance was a crowded audience, so essential always to the glory of the Jullien music, which is calculated to that end. The other piece was his "Katydid Polka," which still revives the pleasant sense of summer nights in Castle Garden. "Irish Quadrilles," an Italian song by the ZERR, a clarinet solo by WUILLE, &c., made the balance of the entertainment.

Sixth Germania Concert.

Come, let us worship once more at the true shrine! The SYMPHONY BY SCHUBERT! It is called the Symphony in C, because, though a dozen symphonies have been discovered in the careless heap of MS. remains of that inspired young genius, this alone has yet attained to print or public hearing. It was first introduced to a Boston audience a year ago last autumn by the little orchestra conducted by Mr. SUCK, and was more effectually repeated in the following winter once by the Germanians. We think the majority of hearers (or rather, sitters and bystanders) at that time voted it a very long Symphony. Many also found it wild and strange, and even owned that there were fine things in it. A few were charmed and borne along upon its full rushing tide of deep and tender inspiration, not once thinking of the length, till disappointed that the spell was over. We briefly noted then our own conviction of its beauty, its artistic and poetic worth; alluding to the solemn introductory Andante, opening with an old church-like strain intoned by the French horn solo; the fire and strength of the Allegro; the oft-returning lovely theme of the Andante; and the rich surprises of continually new and exquisite ideas in the Scherzo and Finale. All this we felt with ten-fold certainty and joy last Saturday night. The entire Symphony was admirably rendered, so that every point was clear and all the features blended in the warm and true expression of the whole. Then we thought that, after Beethoven, we never had heard a symphony so beautiful, so thoroughly inspired, so wonderful. In abundance of ideas, new and fascinating, it seems even to exceed anything of Mendelssohn, though not perhaps in the working up. The mind is haunted by the lovely, perfectly original, pregnant and yet very simple main theme of the Andante. No wonder it returns upon us so often, and in so many happy combinations, before the composer is willing to dismiss it! He was in love with this exquisite God-send, and did his best—how reverently and how effectively!—to make us love it! He never heard his symphony, save in the mind's ear, as he wrote it down! There it lay, like refuse, in the old heap of manuscripts, till ten years after

his death Schumann and Mendelssohn found it, recognized it, and gave it to the world. The Scherzo was shortened by the non-repetition of the strains; but they too were ideas worth repeating, and which one would prize an opportunity of fixing in his memory more indelibly. The Finale, Allegro Vivace, was a perpetual series of exquisite surprises; new melodic thoughts, in admirably managed contrast, kept continually announcing themselves in ways most appetizing and irresistible. By skilful preparation of harmony and instrumental coloring these dainty themes spread, as it were, each its own magical halo before it; as it came, and expectation every time was fully, doubly satisfied. The attentive, interested look of the whole audience was quite remarkable throughout the symphony, and merited, we do believe, another opportunity of hearing it and of appreciating it still better.

The piano-playing of Mr. ROBERT HELLER, (a name that has *magical associations*), seemed to take well with the audience. He has a neat, clear touch, and facile, tasteful execution; but it was rather a senseless hodge-podge that he treated us to, under the promise of "selections from Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, &c." There was no Chopin about it. He began with that bright and dainty little *Lied* of Mendelssohn's, called sometimes "Spring Song," which served him only as a prelude to variations on the hackneyed Donizetti serenade: "O, summer night." The encore produced nothing better. Mr. ARTHUR TOMMAS performed a fantasia from *Semiramide* upon the harp, in masterly style, wisely declining to respond to the vociferous encore of the thoughtless ones, who seek to prolong the present course of sweetmeats, without considering its effect on the whole bill of fare.

Gade's overture, *Nachklänge aus Ossian*, was less striking to us than it was before we knew Gade better. It has a decided individuality, entirely in harmony with such a subject as the wild, misty, sea-shore dreaminess, and old warrior minstrelsy of Ossian, and is a work of power and beauty. But it is just the individuality of all that we have heard from Gade: he appears to write ever in that one vein. The harp had less to do in it than we had fancied; but that little, especially in those cool and humid arpeggios that mingled with the opening and closing chords, lent quite a poetic coloring.

Mr. Bergmann's Trio for two horns and bassoon, had a quaint, sombre and scholastic sound, with a sort of contrapuntal fascination about it, and exhibited to good advantage the instruments and tasteful execution of Herren KÜSTENMACHER, PLAGEMANN and HUNSTOCK. The remainder of the programme was light and varied: a good flute solo (good as such things ever need be) composed and executed by the tasteful CARL ZERRAHL; an orchestral Polonaise Concertante, by Wittmann (a very pleasing and euphonious thing that, in which almost every instrument ran out in turn in its little stream of solo; the *Dance des Fées*, of Alvars, deliciously played by Mr. APTOMMAS; and finally the overture to the "Siege of Corinth," decidedly one of Rossini's best.

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JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—Thursday completed the brief nightly series of brilliant musical *feus de joie*, vouchsafed to us this time. They were all essentially of the same character as those we

had in Jullien's first visit, and the programmes made up mostly of the same materials. With the exception of the "Shakspeare Night," these programmes have been almost exclusively of the light and miscellaneous order, the "American" and "Exhibition" Quadrilles forming alternately, or combinedly, the grand features. Of course there is nothing to be said of them, that has not already been said by ourselves and everybody else that writes of these things; except that the orchestra has played as splendidly as ever, that "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" still bring the crowd upon their feet, that Koenig, and Wuille, and Lavigne, and Hughes, and Collinet, and the Mollinbauers, and above all, Bottesini, have not yet exhausted admiration by their wonderful solos, &c., &c. Only it is a pity that they will still keep playing the *same* solos, and that the "Carnival of Venice" still takes it upon itself to answer all encores, a nimble Proteus of all shapes, from Liliputian flageolet to giant double bass!

To the full glory of Jullien music a crowded hall is necessary. And that we had in overflowing measure at the benefit of Jullien, Wednesday night. Jullien's benefit is a sure signal for a monster gathering; and this time, sympathy for his losses by the burning of Metropolitan Hall in New York, (which swept away the labors of twenty years, in the shape of nearly all his MS. compositions, which are irrecoverable, and not to be estimated at any money price) probably added its might to old attractions of the favorite. It was a sight indeed to one entering, as we did, just far enough to peep down from the top gallery corner, over those delighted human masses; the old quadrilles and polkas became new in the fresh multiplying mirror of so many responsive faces; we never saw a more happy and enthusiastic looking audience; music and multitude were mutually glorifying.

On Thursday night the great feature of the concert was Mr. Fry's "Santa Claus" Symphony. It is a most ingenious, original, effective, entertaining production. The curious professions of the verbal key to it, upon the back of the programme, really seemed to be made good in the music, if one carefully followed it. Marvellous effects of instrumentation are produced, and the imitative and description parts of it are often very admirable. But it taxes all the resources of a Jullien orchestra to render them. It presents too many points for notice in our present abridged space, and we shall perhaps return to it again.—The *Freyschütz* overture, and the Andante to the C minor Symphony—those two first entering wedges in our orchestro-musical culture here in Boston—were played with great breadth and grandeur of effect, and plainly made their mark upon the audience.

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THE SYMPHONY SOIRES. That noble plan of the Germans, we are sorry to say, is proved to have been brought forward too late in the season. Our music-lovers are already too much preoccupied with multitudes of musical and other engagements. But the plan is yet good for another year, and doubtless will be realized more gloriously than it could be now, after the Germans shall have returned from their summer visit to the Fatherland, where they are longing to rekindle their true German Art enthusiasm at the perennial shrines.

M'LE GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE.—We listened with pleasure, at her recent private soiree in the Chickering rooms, to the performance of this accomplished young pianiste, who comes among us as a teacher, after enjoying the instructions of Liszt, Prudent, and other great European masters. Both in the brilliant fantasia style, as Liszt's *Lucia* and *Patineurs*, and in the classical, as a Mendelssohn Capriccio, and one of the earlier sonatas of Beethoven, she proved herself an excellent pianist, in the opinion of a numerous and cultivated audience that evening. Of M'le de la Motte, as a teacher, the Transcript says:

To a brilliant execution she adds a thorough acquaintance with the scientific theory of music, a refined taste, and a rare and happy faculty of imparting her knowledge and enthusiasm to her pupils.

M'le La Motte has tested the soundness of the system of class instruction adopted by the musical conservatoires of Italy, France and Germany, in which, to say nothing of the economy of time and money, the spirit of emulation has been found to work marvels in the development of talent among the pupils. Experience has shown that where two pupils receive instruction together, their progress is far more rapid and secure than that of two pupils receiving individual attention. And when considerable progress has been made, the advantages of two playing together, with a frequent alternation of parts, are too apparent and decided to require discussion.

M'le De La Motte aims at imparting brilliant execution combined with expression, and to develop that fine sense which enables the performer to discriminate between the ideas of the great artists—between Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Prudent, Thalberg, and Liszt. The advent of a teacher with so high a conception of her profession and of art, cannot but be hailed as an important event by our music-loving community.

M'le de la Motte has been advised to give a series of four Musical Soirees in the rooms of Messrs. Chickering, where a list is open for subscribers. We trust that she will find a remunerative and appreciating audience.

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"MUSICAL LETTERS FROM ABROAD." By LOWELL MASON.—Such is the title of a beautifully printed and bound duodecimo, of 300 pages, published by Mason Brothers, New York. These letters were written home by Mr. Mason, during a musical tour in Europe between January 1852 and April 1853. They originally appeared chiefly in the musical papers of New York, in the Boston *Traveller*, and some few of them in this journal. It was a good thought to gather them together in a permanent form. For they are full of interest, and contain graphic, simple and straightforward records of what the author saw and thought and felt, among the most famous musical men and schools and festivals of Germany and England. Especially complete and life-like are his descriptions of the Birmingham, Norwich and Dusseldorf Musical Festivals of 1852. Of course our great mass teacher had an especial eye to the educational provisions for music, and to whatever could be learned respecting Psalmody and Sacred Music generally. Yet his perceptions are generally clear, and his conclusions shrewd and to the point in other fields of musical interest as well as these. Every friend of music would do well to have a copy.

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THE "NEW YORK MUSICAL REVIEW & CHORAL ADVOCATE," published by Mason Brothers, comes to us in a new and greatly improved form. It is now issued *fortnightly*, instead of monthly. It discards the old pictorial title page, and presents itself in sixteen pages of a plain and decent English looking garb. The first four pages are filled with original music, Glees, Psalms and Sentences, by Lowell Mason, Hastings, Bradbury and other popular writers and arrangers. The reading matter is greatly improved and presents in this first number truly a rich variety

of well written or selected matter. The criticisms are sound, and the summaries of musical doings in Boston and many other places besides New York, quite full and faithful. Among other matters we are pleased to find in it a commendatory notice of the article in our journal about the self-styled "Pupils of Liszt and Mendelssohn," from which we copy and endorse the following:

"In the course of further very just remarks in the article in *Dwight's Journal*, to which we have alluded, we find the following:

As the good is always more scarce than the bad, Germany numbers also many more bad than good musicians; and unfortunately, she likes to send the worst ones to America, and keep the best ones herself!

"This we heartily endorse. American art and artists have suffered much from the men here alluded to. They are that class of foreigners who, coming among us because they had not the ability or knowledge to sustain themselves at home, delight in sneering at everything musical which is American. American composers, or teachers, or singers, they are in the habit of abusing on all possible occasions. These are they who are fond of deriding the 'Yankee Psalm-singers,' and 'Down-east Singing-masters,' as they term American musicians.

"It is unfortunate that we in America have great musical reverence for a mustache and a foreign accent. Having been accustomed (very justly) to regard Germany as that country which has made the highest musical progress, and given to the world the greatest masters of this science, we have made the foolish mistake of thinking every German must be a good musician! As if a diet on sour kraut and German sausages must necessarily result in musical proficiency!

"A brighter day is dawning, however. We are beginning to discover, that the mere fact that a man is a German does not necessarily make him a musician. American teachers, who add to a sufficient musical knowledge, that common sense which enables them to impart it to others, are beginning to be appreciated, and to rank in the estimation of the people more nearly as they should, while, as a consequence, those foreigners whose chief qualifications have been high pretensions and impudence, are beginning to be properly appreciated also.

"Now, let us not be misunderstood, (misrepresented we expect to be,) as taking ground against German music and musicians. Germany has given us the great masters, who stand far above all others. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, are names in reverence of which we yield to none. Their works are those which we would counsel all to study and look up to as the great models of musical excellence. We have also many German musicians among us, gentlemen of real ability and knowledge, who are exerting a most beneficial influence, and accomplishing a great work, and whom we delight to honor. It is these others who are mere pretenders, and by whom we have been so much imposed upon, that we take exceptions to; and it is these who are loudest in their sneers and abuse of American music."

The "Review" retains its able editor, Mr. C. M. CADY, with the corresponding editors of the last year, besides three other gentlemen, whose names it does not mention.

This publication has reached the fifth year since its commencement.

"ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE, or the Construction of Buildings with reference to Sound," by J. B. UPHAM, M. D. Printed in New Haven. This little volume, of some fifty pages, now reprinted from *Silliman's American Journal of Arts and Sciences*, is an expansion of the able and instructive series of articles which appeared last year in our own Journal. Probably no writer has studied the subject so thoroughly and philosophically as Dr. Upham; and now that the world is so interested in the building of good music halls, the light he sheds upon a hitherto dark problem should be indispensable to architects and building committees, as well as to all who take a scientific interest in music. These papers were certainly too valuable not to be collected and completed in such form of permanence.

CONCERTS AT HAND. — To-night the GERMANIANS offer us a most attractive *extra Concert*. Felicien David's Ode-symphony, "The Desert," a work of great celebrity, will be presented entire, with the aid of the well-drilled chorus of the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY, and of Sig. CAMOENZ in the solos. Such an opportunity has never before offered itself. Besides this, we are to hear again the glorious *Tannhäuser* overture, the great rain chorus from "Elijah," the harp of APTOMMAS and other brilliant things.

On Tuesday night the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will repeat the great Quartet in F of Beethoven. Also Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, and the Quartet in D, of Mendelssohn.

MR. ARTHURSON requests us to state that his Concert is unavoidably postponed until further notice.

Musical Intelligence.

PARIS, 4th Dec.—At the Académie Impériale de Musique *Iovila* and the accomplished Rosati have again this week been the attractions. The *ballet* has been given twice with *Le Comte Ory*, and once with *Le Maître Chanteur*. The charming danseuse will remain with us till the 10th. At the Opéra Comique *Le Nabab, Hugdée, Marco Spada, Collette, Le Pére Gaillard*, and *L'ombre d'Argentine* have been played, assisted with *Sainte Foix*, and Mdlle. Lemercier. Every time that the *Mousquetaires de la Reine* is played, the part of Captain Roland procures for Herman Leon a new and legitimate success. The Emperor and Empress attended the representation of *I Puritani* on Thursday. Mario sang divinely. It is announced that Pacini has been writing a new opera for the Théâtre Italien, entitled *La Cantatrici di Madrid*, which will most probably be produced during the present season. The director of the Théâtre Lyrique, M. Jules Seveste, has just accepted an opera in four acts, the *libretto* by M. Henri Trianon, and the music by M. Georges Bousquet, author of *Tabarin*, which had but mediocre success last year. The distribution of the prizes at the Conservatoire Impérial of music and declamations, will take place on Sunday next, the 11th inst. They will be presented by the Minister of State. The following is the programme of the concert to be given for the benefit of the "incendiés" of the 7th arrondissement, in the Salle Sainte Cecile this day, by the Société de la Grande Harmonie, organized by Adolphe Saxe:—

I.
1. Ouverture *Carnaval romain*, Berlioz.
2. Fantaisie pour orchestre sur *Girald*, Adam.
3. Air *la Favorite*, Mdlle Wertheimer.
4. Duo piano et violoncelle, MM. Norblin et Brisson.
5. La Marche aux flambeaux, Meyerbeer.
II.
1. Ouverture, *Zampa*, Hérold.
2. Romance *Carillonner de Bruges*, Mdlle Wertheimer.
3. Solo, piano, M. Brisson.
4. Air varié, orchestre avec soli, Mohr.
5. Benediction des poignards, *Huguenots*.
Director of the Orchestra, M. Mohr.

The *Marche aux flambeaux* was composed by Meyerbeer on the occasion of the betrothal of a princess of Prussia. The composition of this kind of morceau belongs to a ceremony of the middle ages, and is still observed in the German Courts. On the day of the betrothal of a prince or princess royal, it is the custom for each of the betrothed, with torch in hand, to make the tour of the salon several times, and to pass before the sovereign; the prince giving his hand to a lady, and the princess hers to a gentleman of the Court. All the guests follow the betrothed, who change partners each time until all present have walked round the room with them. The march is always written in 3-4 time. It is a slow movement in the style of a polonaise, and scored for a military band. We hear that Mdlle. Claus has made a great hit at the London Wednesday Evening Concerts, held in Exeter Hall, in Mendelssohn's first concerto, and that she delayed her departure to play the same concerto again. We are in expectation of seeing her daily in Paris, en route to St. Petersburg. She has already announced a concert to be given here, in the Salle Herz. She is to play the violoncello sonata, in B flat, of Mendelssohn, with M. Seligmann; a prelude of Stephen Heller, some *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, an impromptu by Chopin, a sonata by Beethoven, and *Le roi des Aulnes* (the *Erl King*), by Stephen Heller.—M. Briard, the young violinist "Laureat" of the Conservatoire, formerly a pupil of Baillot, has returned to Paris.—The sisters, Sophie and Bella Dulcken, have obtained success in Paris, one on the pianoforte, and the other on the new instrument called concertina.—M. Kuster, a violinist, and dramatic composer, is now in Paris. M. Emile Steinkuhler, a composer, has received from the Emperor a gold medal, as a mark of satisfaction for the *Marche Impériale* which he composed, and which was executed during his Majesty's stay at Lille.

BERLIN.—The new opera by M. Flotow *Rabezahl*, will be brought out this month.—Vieuxtemps is expected in January, when it is expected he will give a series of

concerts.—For the *fête* of the Queen, the Theatre Royal gave Gluck's *Armida*. On the same occasion, a concert was given at the Theatre of Potsdam under the direction of the pianist to the Court, M. Theodore Kullak. Among other things, a duet from *La Reine de Chypre*, of Halevy, was executed; Parish Alvars' *Danse des Fées*, for the Harp; some *lieder* by the Princess Charlotte of Meiningen and Theodore Kullak. Among the executants were Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, M. Adolphe Formes and Solomon, Mdlme. Alvars, and M. Theodore Kullak. From the 20th to the 27th Nov., the Theatre Royal played the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and *Don Juan*.

Advertisement.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 16th, at TRECOHIC BUILDING, corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets. Business meeting at 7 o'clock, precisely, and a punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

Jan. 7. 2^o Committee, R. E. APTHORP.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

GRAND EXTRA CONCERT BY THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, On Saturday Evening, January 14,

When for the first time they will perform the Grand Choral and Instrumental "ODE SYMPHONY,"

THE DESERT,

By FELICIEN DAVID. The Choral Department will be sustained by members of the

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The Solos to be sung by SIGNOR CAMOENZ, Primo Basso from the Scala of Milan, (his first appearance in Boston, and his second in America, having for the first time appeared in Jullien's Concerts in New York.)

In the first part of this Concert the Choir will sing a Select Chorus from *ELIJAH*. Also will appear

Mr. APTOMMAS, the Welsh Harpist, and SIGNOR CAMOENZ, who sings a Solo, with Harp, Horn, and Violoncello accompaniment.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Overture to "Tannhäuser," R. Wagner.
2. Fantasie for Harp, with Orchestral accompaniment, Alvars.
Performed by Mr. APTOMMAS.

3. Chorus, from the Oratorio, "Elijah," Mendelssohn.

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4. The Huntsman, Soldier, and Sailor, Spohr.
Solo for a Bass Voice, with Obligatos for Harp, French Horn, and Violoncello.

Sung by SIGNOR CAMOENZ.

PART II.

THE DESERT.

This splendid master-work of F. David has been in rehearsal ever since the return of the Germanians to Boston, and they flatter themselves that the true and perfect rendering of this Symphony is well worthy the liberal patronage of Boston's musical inhabitants. The expense for preparation being unusually high, they solicit a large attendance. A Descriptive Programme will be for distribution in all the Music Stores from Thursday morning, and the Germanians would call particular attention to this highly interesting description. A numerously augmented Orchestra being needed for the performance of the "Desert," they will, at the beginning of the Concert, repeat Wagner's Overture to "Tannhäuser," to answer the many requests of their appreciating patrons.

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